

Whatever

Cam'ron

I'm in a whiptail smashing it
Mase went to church, set down, imagine it
Who me? Devil's Advocate, shit
Tell a tale to cry, just so you could fail to lie
Me, Un, Suge, Pac would go to jail and die for this
Fuck school, A and E murder major, flavors, uh
Listen to the coach you heard the players got scheming targets
Philly hoes boost clothes from out of Neiman Marcus
Real hot, while your flashing out, Gucci jean suit
Jacket felt, oh yeah, matching belt, uh, she so independent
But I slapped her, why? Cause I ain't slapped a ho in a minute
I'm low, low, low in a Range Rov tinted
Same 4 fronting, be the same 4 who'll get it
Uh, and we big cats, jig cats, clcik triggas
Pig nigga, bring the hook in: 6 figures

For my cats with the ice, who don't need no wife
We getting head tonight (Whatever)
To all my honeys that stall, give a dummy a call
Get his money and ball (Whatever)

Cats don't mess with ya'll, cause ya'll are dummies
Cats fuck with me cause I tell, "Let's get money"
Get it, get a Benz, come through on 20s
Me and Jim Jones stay fighting 2 on 20
Fuck it, the hoods scary and all my whips they should vary
You cheap niggas still shopping up up in Woodbury
I'm Viv Westwood, Karl Lagerfeld, Salvatore Ferragamo, John Galiano
And my girls they be blessing me first
Took 'em out of Foot Locker and that referee shirt
And I put that on the death of me first, test me, an'll squirt
Best be alert, cause yo, sexy could hurt
Cause one thing I can't stand is a pussy chick
I need a "Here ma, goof this in your pussy" chick
All these sleazes trying to be my Hillary, Winnie or Wheezy
Ladies, take it easy!

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Yo, yo, let's stab 'em, let's stick 'em
Let's get 'em, get all of his spinach
Grab 'em, and flip 'em, while Killa get all of the women
Bacardi & Lemon, Ferri at lemon, party in Lennon
Sorry I'm limbin', I'm just fronin' ya'll; ya tittes
I'll touch 'em, I'll kiss 'em, I'll hug 'em, I'll suck 'em
If I'm with a chick, most likely I'm trying to fuck 'em
Not tryin' cuff 'em, tryin' a duck 'em, lyin' I love 'em
Have em with a pie in their oven
Shit, to me, ya'll a dime a dozen
No time for buzzin', beat it, go find a husband
Shit, that'll trick on you, buy you a ton of clothes
I'm at the Tunnel, they let in 500 hoes
I'm at the bar, see shorty is bent
My ratio up in here, fucked 40 percent

Shit, drink is sour, armareta, yo
Whatever, forever, but won't stop my cheddar

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And I don't care how bad no chick is, I ain't licking nobody's feet!
Killa!